

Intertwined Fates : the Dragon Rider and the Snow Queen

by theguyinblue

Category: Frozen, How to Train Your Dragon

Language: English

Characters: Elsa, Hiccup

Pairings: Hiccup/Elsa

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-06-20 15:08:00

Updated: 2015-03-24 20:27:42

Packaged: 2016-04-26 19:14:40

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 15,985

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: When Elsa meet a group of dragon riders, who turned to be Vikings from harsh north. Her life gets weird, well-weirder. Are they threat or unexpected allies in a war, where the Queen is centered. Cover image by lightmega777 of deviantart.

1. Prologue

****A/N: My first fanfic. I know! I know! Characters maybe OC-ish, full of typos and wrong grammar, but pls. bear with me!****

****I also need to warn you SPOILERS ALERT! To those who doesn't watch How to Train Your Dragon 2.****

****And lastly I don't own Frozen and How to Train Your Dragon.****

Prologue â€" The Warning

Elsa loves the _Snow Day_. It was an occasion made to commemorate for the quest of her Courageous Sister to return her back to Arendelle and anniversary when she finally learned how to control her powers with love two years ago.

Today is no different. Anna and her-soon-to-be-husband Kristoff are circling the ice covered garden floor. Her servants and the citizens of her kingdom are laughing. Everyone was having fun, enjoying the snowy day in the middle of summer.

Elsa's lip curled into a smile, her heart was filled with happiness, every time she brought beauty and joy with her powers.

"Queen Elsa!" A seven years old girl ran to her side, giving her a toothy grin. "I wanna build a snowman!" she said happily. Elsa let out a soft laugh, remembering Anna when they were still kids, her sister used to wake her early every morning to build a snowman and

play with her magic.

"Okay." she answered mischievously. She led the little girl to the center of the castle garden and she was graced by warm greetings of her subjects. She just smiled at them in return. "Everyone, gather 'round!" she called the crowd enthusiastically.

She begun to twirl her hands together, snowflakes and white bolt of magic dance between her palms, earning a loud chant from the children led by Anna. "Do the magic! Do the magic!"

Smiling, the Queen throws the ball of energy high in the air. It explodes in miniature fireworks of flurries. Snow gently fell around. Everyone cheered.

"This is amazing!" Olaf the happy snowman exclaimed at the top of his lungs, jumping up and down.

Everything seems perfect. The trolls were right, her magic held beauty and wonder.

But suddenly dark clouds begun to form, gentle snows turned into hail and darkness claimed the land of Arendelle. Music of laughter died down and replaced by terrified gasps. Panic reign over the crowd and with a loud CRACK! Debris rained down.

Elsa watch in horror as a muddy white colossal monster emerged from the ruins of the royal castle. It let out an ear-shattering roar that force everyone to cover their ears.

Elsa felt numb with fear. She realized that magic leaked from her, without her notice. Quickly, she calmed and willed herself to stay focus.

Strangely, she felt a strong connection to the monster.

The beast stood tall and proud, it has massive tusk sticking out from the right side of its face and on the left side was broken and charred, like some explosive blasted the other half. Two huge wing-like sails run on its back, resembling the body shape of manta-rays, large spines surround its head like lions' mane and a pair of menacing red-rimmed-constricted-icy-blue-eyes bore on her. To her shock, the giant radiates a cold aura. It has power over ice.

She turned to order everyone to run for their life, but to her surprise, despair crashed on her like an avalanche. Everyone turned to ice, like statues. Everyone was cursed with the _Frozen Heart._

Tears stream down her face, blinking them, she search for Anna immediately. It was almost impossible to tell where she is. She almost collapsed to her knees in fear. But her attention drifted to heavy footsteps behind her.

There was very large man, his bulk dwarfing everyone from her city, he has a long hair and beard tied in dreadlocks, long scars running across his face, he was wearing a heavy chainmail, a cape made from black and gray reptilian hide that covered most of his upper body, a pair metal boots, he's carrying an eight feet staff with deadly hook-points at both ends and his left arm was missing. Elsa knew he

was dangerous.

"N-no! Stop! Stop!" Elsa begun to back away and almost stumbled. "Stay away!" she tried conjured ice but it quickly disappeared in white mist under the gaze of the Great beast.

"You are mine now!" the man declared in his booming voice.

"N-no!...no! no! no!" Elsa whimpered.

The man snarled, making his battle worn face look more scary and terrifying.

"I! The Dragon God! I control power! I control you! You belong to me!" he said in his harsh metallic cold voice. Which melt her remaining courage.

The giant beast let out a triumphant roar, fragments of shattered ice flew everywhere. When it is done, something caught its attention, it narrowed its eyes to her right and start to make a weird noise. Elsa heard Olaf shriek in pain, her head jerk from the direction of his voice. He was too far away from her help. Olaf start to hover and doubled over and begin to change, jagged spike begin to erupt from his body, like Marshmallow do when he is angry and he starts to glow with magic. And the next moment, a fearsome ice dragonic-golem with jagged crystal wings emerged.

The man let out a manic laugh. And the Snow Queen did the most logical thing at the moment, she run.

The next thing she remembered, she was walking aimlessly across the Northern Mountains. The storm is raging, causing her sight to obscure. Angry bolts of magic coursing around her, ready to be released. Her body ached, from tiredness. These things never bothered her, she lost her home and she doesn't know if Anna is safe.

For the first time since the Great Thaw, she felt alone and guilty. She let her fears to consume her and it caused her powers to bring the destruction of Arendelle. A self-proclaimed Dragon God attacked her kingdom to capture and control her.

"Elsa?..." She walked, deep in thoughts until she heard someone calling her name. She looked at every direction to find the source of voice.

"Elsa!?" it called again.

Twelve feet her front a lone shadow stands. Carrying a flaming sword? "Elsa!" the voice was warm and soothing, clearly belongs to a man who seems familiar to her. It was someone dear to her.

She began to run forward. Tears escaped her eyes, and a feeling of comfort spread to her. She raised her arm to reach out, but she stopped suddenly and almost stumbled. The storm magically died down and the thick layers of mist descend to ground. Strangely she was now standing at the balcony of her ice castle and she's alone.

Far from the outside, flashes of purple light lit the night sky like lightning. An unholy high- pitch noise erupted from the clouds and a

roar of annoyance shook the ground. With the flashes of lightning she could make out the shadow of the giant beast she saw earlier, flying and thrashing wildly, battling an unseen opponent.

"Not good" startled, she jump and turned to the feminine voice spoke behind her.

"Anna!" Elsa Exclaimed. But immediately realized she's wrong.

A girl about her age stands before her. She has deep sapphire eye staring back to her, she had roundish face much like her sister. Bangs neatly covered the left side of her forehead, braided hair rested on her left shoulder much like Elsa's, she possess the beauty of a princess but her outfit she wears tells she's a warrior. She wears a red sleeveless shirt, a pair of shoulder pad, a pair of fur armbands, leather skirt and fur boots, fur hung on her back, in form of hood and an axe was strapped in her side.

"Who are you?"

"It doesn't matter." The girl studied her for a long time. Her deep blue orbs were full of pain and sorrow. "I'm here to warn you." Elsa frowned but didn't say anything. The girl offered a friendly smile but Elsa could see her troubled soul.

The mysterious girl turned her gaze at the raging chaos outside. Her voice was clear and an eerie gravity filled the room.

"Beware, the enemies of the past together with the World Ender will return! They hide and work in shadows. They will seek your death and the curse of the Frozen Heart shall devour the world."

Dread made its way in her heart. All strength she had left her body, causing her to lose her balance and fall to her knees. Shocked, she shivered violently from cold. For the first time in forever, deadly cold pain burned inside of her. She breathed her hands together, trying to warm them. Failing, panic and fear claimed her mind, her heart beat faster, like it will stop soon. Her fingers went numb turning into white lifeless and hollow. The Snow Queen was freezing! A feat she thought was impossible. How ironic.

"But, fear not! For the second king of Wilderwest will come to your aid! And he will free you from your fears."

Then miracle happen, something scaly nudge her cheeks. The cold slowly subside, and for few moments she felt warm and relaxed. Sleep tried to claim her consciousness. She began to grow groggy, her visions beginning to blur. With one last attempt she forced to look around, only finding a black creature curl around her protectively. "What are you" she managed.

To her corner, she heard the girl chuckled lightly. "A dragon" Elsa wasn't sure if she heard a hint of affection to stranger's amused voice.

"A dragon" she repeated and darkness consumed the world.

...

Elsa woke with start. She was panting heavily and her face was wet

from the beads of sweat and tears rolling to her cheeks.

"Elsa?," Anna's concern voice called her.

Elsa look around, her room was frozen. Jagged ice pointed at her direction, snow danced around her, mirroring her mood.

With a sigh, she wipes her face and willed the ice to disappear. A very worried Anna entered her room.

Far from the snowy kingdom of Arendelle, a large valley known as the Valley of Living rocks, home to the Trolls, stood warm and peacefully under the stars. The inhabitants who took the form of rock are past asleep in the mossy ground.

In a secret cove, where only known to the elders. Two figures stand, quietly staring to a red glowing crystal. Swirls of Northern light dance around, forming a silhouette of the Snow Queen and a man, both riding a large dragon. The lights are beginning to dim, and the image slowly fades.

"The Queen of Arendelle will walk in another hard path" the leader of the trolls said in grave voice. He was Pabbie, a wise and old Troll, who leads his brethren for seven decades.

"Such a poor girl" A female troll replied in sad voice. "She's still young to carry on her shoulders the fate of the world" she continued in same concerned tone.

"We cannot change her Destiny, Bulda" the leader of trolls said looking away.

Elsa's life was full of sacrifice and grief. It wrench his heart to know that the girl's fate may end unhappy, the road ahead her was full of sacrifice, sorrows, grief, and death. But he know that the only chance to defeat the waking evil rest on her hands.

After a long moment of silence, Bulda asked her father with curious tone.

"Father what do you think about the Viking King?"

"I don't know" Pabbie admitted. "His destiny intertwine to Elsa's, either for best or for worst, only time can tell"

****End of chapter.****

****Feedbacks and critiques are welcome!****

2. Chapter I

****Author's Note:** Hi everyone. First i want to thank you all for reading, following, ****_**** 'favoriting' and ****_**** reviewing this story. Specially for the first three reviewers. I got some trouble writing this chapter and really wished it's not boring and messed up. ******

****Someone asked me if this is hiccelsa the answer is yes.. well maybe.****

****This story is set 8 years after the events of httyd 2 and 2 years after frozen. I'm pretty sure their timeline doesn't match and very, very, very, very far. But hey! This is fanfiction so we have the power to do as we please.****

****And I made some changes on previous chapter and the summary.****

****Disclaimer: I do not own httyd and frozen.****

Chapter one " The Northern Mountain

Elsa strode over the observatory overlooking the local harbor. It is the highest tower in Arendelle castle.

The tension hung in the air. The wait seems like forever and it was unbearable to the young Queen. Every second passed, and the growing nervousness consumes her confidence. After all it's not every day to meet another kingdom with dragons under their control.

Those feral lizard are classified as extinct creatures and to others, they were fabled beast of myths and legends. However, three months ago, Elsa met a group of warriors who rides these majestic beasts. And last two weeks they visited Arendelle and made a proposition.

According to them, they were Vikings from a kingdom located in harsh north and their King will arrive to formally propose an alliance treaty, which troubled her for three reasons. One, because Vikings are known for pillaging, murderer, slaver and brutes who uses violence to get things they want, it's a wonder why they even bother to offer an alliance if they can conquer the weaker countries. Two, they've manage to tame a monstrous force. Three, most foreign Kings send her marriage proposal disguised as alliance treaty to expand their territory and acquire her powers.

The reappearance of dragons as Viking's pet could mean bad things to her and her kingdom or perhaps, the entire world.

Loud trumpets were heard from the docks. And Elsa's attention shifted to the biggest warship she'd ever seen. It was vast and beautiful, in artful and monstrous way. Two massive red sails resembled large scaly wings, sets of giant oars are lined in either sides of the ship and the flag bearing the crest of Viking kingdom waved proudly in caressing winds. Winged serpentine creatures made lazy circles around it.

The Vikings had arrived.

Three months earlier.

"Is it really necessary Elsa?"

"Anna" Elsa said calmly. She was clad in white silver hunting dress, white snow boots, and a cape made from white fur, her platinum blonde hair was pulled in tight bun, fit for traveling. "I already told you, I felt this weird connection in northern mountains and it is calling me, I need to know what it is."

"I'm still not sure about this whole connection thing." Anna complained childishly.

"Relax Anna" Kristoff said, as he put an arm around her shoulder. "She will be fine."

"But -"

"Look" Elsa cut her off. "The guards will accompany me, nothing will go wrong."

"Okay just be safe." Anna sighed and clung on her sister tightly.

"Yes, I promise."

"I'll miss you."

"I'll miss you too."

"Actually, you should worry about yourself." Kristoff said when the sisters broke apart.

"And why is that?" Anna narrowed her eyes.

"Well you see, you have stubbornness issues, you'll sneak out Sven or a horse to follow your sister secretly and cause more trouble."

"Ohoho... Mister, you are playing a very, very dangerous game" Anna replied playfully, which she failed to mask with her scowl. "Keeping this mocking attitude, scolding me like a child, there will be consequences!"

"I'll take my chances"

Anna delivered a swift punch in his gut, effectively knocking the air out of him.

"Sometimes I think that she spent too much time with me." He muttered while massaging his stomach.

"I love you too" Anna said sweetly.

Elsa snickered at the couple. She was glad that her sister, Anna found a man who clearly loved her. She silently gave her blessings to their marriage, though they haven't considered it yet (which surprised her). She also offered Kristoff a place in the castle but he dislikes the idea of freeloading, so he chooses to live in the city, instead.

"Well, I guess, I could trust you to keep an eye on her."

"I, Kristoff the royal ice master swear upon my honor to keep her highness safe from any harm." He declared cheerfully, Elsa knew she'd caught truth on his tone.

Anna just shook her head and sighed in defeat (and flush in deep color of red that matches her hair).

â€|~â€|

The soldiers are waiting for the Queen. Some are agitated and some are excited about heading to north. The captain, Sir William prepared the saddle and handed the reins to Elsa.

Elsa mounted her horse gracefully. "I'll be back in few days." She called over her shoulder.

Anna nodded, and waved at her sister. The gates creak heavily, as the party left, heading for the snowy mountains of north.

Nothing will go wrong.

...

The winds howled like thunder carrying ice and snow, thanks to Elsa's powers they were safe from blizzards.

It's around dusk when they arrived to their destination. They've reached deep into the northern mountains, and decide to take shelter for a night when they found a decent clearing in nearby woods.

"Set up the tents captain, we should camp here."

"As you wish my lady"

Elsa watched the men work, some set up the tents, some gathered the horses, some gathered wood and started to make fire. The captain send a forward scout to patrol the woods. Growing tired, she looked up, there was no star visible in the night sky, tall trees swayed by strong winds, and dark clouds are forming. The storm won't stop until tomorrow.

"Your Majesty, your tent is ready." Thanking the guard, she entered the tent and did her traveling routine mindlessly. She quickly undressed and wore her nightgown, washed her face with cold water and settled in her sleeping bag.

Elsa was tired from travelingâ€| so tired that sleep shroud her consciousness, as fast as she closed her eyes.

â€|.

Elsa stood in oblivion, made of white and faint blue, swirling mist.

The nothingness was overwhelming and every direction seemed infinite. Taking her time, she walked around to look for someone.

"_Hello?" she called out. The air was still, she was alone in the land of nothingness. She felt isolated again, no one is in here except her and its killing her._

After thirteen years of living in fear of rejection. Thirteen years of shutting her 'door' and isolating herself in fear of hurting others. Anna, her sister dragged her back in Arendelle, when she run away to show her that everyone will accept her, she don't need to be afraid of her powers, she'll be loved and she'll be happy.

Elsa realized how she'd longed for human warmth. Despite everything that had happened, good and bad, she was very grateful and thankful that everything that had happened in her life had happen the way it is. And she wouldn't trade the way of how things turned out for the world.

Now she was standing in nowhere. Her vision blurred with tears. She felt numb. She can't stand of being alone again, she want to be with her family, with Anna, with Kristoff, with Olaf, with the Trolls, with the people of Arendelle. She want to get to the place she called home.

"_Freeaaaaaaaaaack!" a blur of motion passed above her. Elsa ran after it. She had to get away from here. The land of solitude, her misery. She knew that she will find the thing she desire most, if she followed the source of that sound._

The strong wind slowed her down. She sunk on her knees, feeling hopeless. She lost the shadowâ€¦ her salvation.

"_Don't cry." a voice soothed her. Elsa looked up. What she saw made her heart beat faster. A young man offered his hand to the Queen. Strangely his face was covered with shadows, making impossible to see his appearance, except his reassuring smile. She should feel wary but something about his smile stirred something inside of her, filling the longing. Elsa took his hand and stand. Her hand lingered on his for a moment as he dissolved slowly to nothingness._

"_Wait! Don't go!"_

"_Soon Elsaâ€¦ soon"_

â€¦.

Elsa opened her eyes slowly. She sat and hugged her knees. Despite the blizzard raging outside, she felt calm and comfortable. She was sure that she had just a pleasant dream (well at least it's friendlier than other nightmare she had and though it's already fading to her in every second).

She stands and threw her hunting gear on and started to braid her hair. Satisfied with her handiwork, she exited her tent.

It was still dark outside. The blizzard continued to pound against her magical barrier that surrounded the snowy forest. The guards gathered around the crackling fire and exchanging murmurs of conversation. When they saw her, they stand from their sits and bowed.

An ear- splitting noise from the distance broke the silence of the mountain that caused everyone to grab their weapons and stared at the woods. Elsa saw the captain bark some commands to a group of armed soldier and they rushed to the woods.

"What was that?"

"I don't know your Majesty." Sir William bowed. "I've already send some scouts to check it."

Elsa opened her mouth to say something but the panicked cry erupted again from the woods.

"It sounds like a cornered animal." one of her soldier said nervously.

"I've seen it before." Another one replied, almost a whisper, fear etched in his voice and features. "When I was a boy, my father and uncle used to take me to woods to hunt some deer. But one day my uncle run into a bear, I think it felt threaten a-andâ€¦.. a-andâ€¦.." His voice trailed off, unable to finish.

"What happened?" Elsa met the eyes of the terrified man and regret that she asked.

"Bloodâ€¦" "He said losing his control of his emotions and letting shame color his voice. "There's blood everywhereâ€¦ w-we c-c-could not save himâ€¦."

Elsa did not manage to repress a shiver that has nothing to do with cold. The others wore the same horrified expression.

Another cry was heard but this time, the forest was illuminated with orange lights and a trail of thin smoke snakes above the treetops. The forest was on fire.

Elsa shook her shock and turned her body to face the captain.

"Sir William, prepare the men, we will search woods." She commanded.

"I don't think you should- it's too dangerous your majesty."

"Don't worry captain, I can protect myself."

"But- My Queen, we swore to protect you from any harm." William replied weakly.

"I can't let my people die in my presence." She knew that the source of the unholy sound was much worse than enraged bear. Her magic visibly surge around her body causing everyone to gulp.

Nothing will go wrong.

â€¦..

The storm roared.

A great mythical beast flapped its wings madly. Just so it wouldn't knocked away by whipping winds. On its back, a figure wrapped in fur coat clung tightly on its saddle.

"Come on girl, just a little longer!" The rider yelled against the howling wind. The dragon let out a growl of frustration in response.

They got separated from their group when a fierce snowstorm hit the mountain pass. Thankfully they managed to retrieve the stolen crate and finish their mission before the blizzard or they'll return to Berk empty handed and the kingdom will pay the terrible price of

their failure.

Now their only problem is to survive this, find a temporary shelter and send a smoke signal later. The blue beast continued to weave against the storm.

An impossibly long half hour passed and the Deadly Nadder is reaching its limits. "Hang in there!"

A strong wind current sent them crashing in nearby woods. The dragon embraced her rider with its wings protectively.

The female rider was awoken by burning pain and agonize cry of her companion. She tried to stand up and discard her heavy coat, revealing a sea green leather armor and helmet, rushed forward to the dragon's side.

"It's okayâ€¦| it's okayâ€¦| I got you girl." The female warrior reassured the Nadder, stroking the dragon to comfort it. The dragon let out a low purr when it calmed down a little.

"I'm going to get you out of there Stormfly, don't you worry."

She scanned the right wing that trapped under a large trunk and boulder. Grunting with effort, the girl tried to lift the pile of rubble but it won't budge.

"Okay, hahâ€¦| I needâ€¦| hahâ€¦|.. some help here hah..." She said taking deep breaths.

The Nadder let out a snort, worry was written on its face.

She opened her mouth to say something but Stormfly knocked her to her feet with its left wing. The dragon's eyes narrowed to slits, and let out a terrifying shriek, one that could shake the leaves off the trees.

The rider sensed the dragon's muscle tensed that could only spell trouble.

"What is it?"

An arrow fly straight at the Nadder but it was deflected by the dragon's own projectile.

The rider stands up. She heard panic shouts and the before she knew, Stormfly let a hot stream of fire. Tongues of fire licked the trees, setting everything into inferno.

"Stop! You'll only make it worse!" she yelled, addressing the dragon and the soldiers.

The dragon stopped blasting the soldier, though the dragon wasn't happy about it. However, the guards start to load their crossbows and unsheathe their swords shouting: "DRAGON!"

She knew things will get rough, she didn't want to fight these people but she couldn't let them harm Stormfly either.

She reach her _weapon_ inside her pocket and stared at it. Only few

people had these _things_ because it can be lethal if it is used in wrong way. Back at Berk, they only used _it_ to bond with wild dragons to show_ that they're one of their own._

"I got this." She jump to the soldiers, catching them off guard, she quickly shoot them with a stunning current.

â€¦

The Snow Queen extinguished the fire with her power. The fire wasn't bad as she thought. They continued to search the forest for the scouts and prepare themselves from whatever they might find.

Elsa's blood run cold, dread filled her heart as a number of horrified gasp came from the crowd of soldiers. There was a big blue lizard, trapped under the pile of rubble spewing green gas and fire. And a slender figure clad in leather armor fighting the scouts in unorthodox style with strange weapon. She rolled around them and sprays a glowing mist which froze them on the spot and their expression went slack.

With an angry cry a soldier fired an arrow at the slender figure, the dragon saw this and with a flick of its tail, deadly projectile deflect the arrow and continued to sail over them. A spike sunk in the soldier's shoulder and he collapse, clutching his injury.

The dragon's face turned into a snarl and it reared back, flames glowed in the back of its throat, and Elsa realized what was about to happen in a split seconds.

"Stormfly!? DOOOOON'T!"

Elsa's magic leapt from her, just in time as a stream of fire crashed in her ice beam. The fire and her magic disintegrated and her soldiers were unharmed.

"Archers!" Sir William commanded. And half of the group loaded their weapon ready to fire at the beast.

The rider, recovered from her shock run in the front of the fire line. The other soldiers tensed and tighten their grip on the crossbows.

"Please stop we don't want trouble." She begged.

"We?"

"Yes we." She motion to the dragon.

Elsa stepped out from the shadows. The rider almost let a gasp because in this light, for a moment, she thought it was Astrid.

"Who are you?" Elsa asked the masked stranger.

The rider slowly reached up and removed her helmet, revealing a long silky black hair and a beautiful heart shape face. That hair, that face and those bright amber eyes only belong to...

"I'm Heather and this is my friend, Stormfly."

****End of chapter!****

****What kind of connection did Elsa felt? Why did Heather have Stormfly? what kind of weapon she had? And what's her reason why they're in northern mountain of Arendelle? Am I foreshadowing something here? when will i update again? Am I ever stop listing questions? STAY TuNED to know the answers!****

****PS. Hello! I'm an amateur writer who recently posted his first fanfic. So please do me a favor. PLEASE SEND ME A FEEDBACK! I really appreciate reviews and critiques cuz it help me to improve as a writer and it helps to motivate to write. so thank you, hope you enjoy my little corner in internet.****

3. Chapter II

****A/N: Just being busy and lazy. So Here's the new chapter, Enjoy.****

Chapter II: A Door That They Will Never Be Able To Close.

One hour later.

That's how long it took to move the boulder that trapped a very snappish dragon. The guards are reluctant to free Stormfly at first, but comply when the Elsa gave them a stern glare. That's how long it took for Heather to explain the existence of dragons in northern archipelago and the reason why they were here in snowy mountain of Arendelle. Which proves to be tricky since she's trying to hide the fact that they were Vikings or else the famous Snow Queen might panic and flash freeze her and Stormfly by accident, even luckier they might cause another war and that's the last thing the Vikings need.

Everyone from Berk paid a high price to defeat Drago Bludvist and his Bewilderbeast. Specially Hiccup, despite what happened to Astrid he stood strong and unite the other tribes and dragons to put an end to the madman's insanity. She and the other riders that sent far from home pursue him for months, only to delay him to gather more power and enslave more dragons. They just manage to retrieve the stolen _artifact _but lost him.

"So.." Heather's attention drifted back to reality as the Queen spoke, she tried hard to keep her confidence but on the inside she was panicking like crazy! Heck she was standing next to the Snow Queen. The SNOW QUEEN! The whole Viking archipelago only heard about her from trader Johann. One of the bravest and craziest merchant to ever sails around the world. Brave enough to travel across the infamous _meridian of misery_ (A.K.A Barbaric seas). "Are you ready?"

"Yes Queen Elsa." Queen Elsa offered Heather her help, to stop the blizzard for a moment. The Queen of Arendelle raised her hands and white blue energy emit from her hand. Slowly and gracefully, snows and flurries dance around Elsa and the snow storm weaken little by little. This amaze Heather more, the stories she heard about this queen from trader Johann is exaggerated but also accurate. The title Snow Queen fits perfectly to Elsa. She's beautiful and dangerous woman, indeed.

"Amazing." Heather murmured softly while Storfly peered at the Queen with interest.

"This should do, I can hold the storm for a few moments." Elsa said. She felt bad for lying. She could stop the blizzard completely with her concentration, but the idea of a kingdom with dragons fascinates her. When she was young she love the stories of a prince saving a princess from a dragon, and the legend of Sir Roland, a noble knight who was said to slay thirteen dragons in his time. Most people considered them as myths and legend, including her. But these beliefs prove to be wrong after encountering this _mysterious girl and her friend. _She shouldn't be surprise since trolls and magic exist, so can dragons.

Something about Heather's story worried Elsa. The dragon rider mentioned that the kingdom where she and her friends come from was located in harsh north. It is believed that the location was home to Vikings, the savages who love raiding, pillaging and other vilest things that man shouldn't do. If the Vikings managed to tame monster and somehow unite under a single banner, then they might become a fearsome enemy and it is unwise not to know more, about this mysterious kingdom when she had the chance.

Heather nod as response, she pulled Night Glow, her dragon blade. It's sword with retractable blade and _magical_ pommel that sprays various dragon substance. According to her, it is used to bond with wild dragons and a handy self-defense back at Berk. She also pulled a metal whistle and placed it in her mouth. Strangely, no audible sound was heard. The guards were confused by her action but Elsa notice the horses and the dragon perk up. Heather was calling the other dragons with the whistle, and with that she fire a smoke signal with her dragon bade.

â€|~â€|

Elsa's Ice Castle, outside.

"RAAAAAARRRRRGGGHHH!"

"BRING IT ON, YA POPSICLE!" A large man taunt the Giant Snowman, he was wearing a fur vest, bronze helmet. He has mace-like-hammer for his left hand and wooden right leg. His name is Gobber, a Blacksmith and dragon dentist at Berk. And right now he's fighting an overgrown snowman that's some sort a guardian in an ice castle.

"MARSHMALLOW. ANGRY!"

A ball of ice was blasted at Gobber's direction, which he smashed with his hammer. With a grunt he took two steps backwards and detach his hammer, with all his might he slam it to the charging powder of ice right in its face. With a loud THUD! Its head rolls in the snowy floor.

"RUHh?"

From the distance, about few meters from the battle to death, a group composed of three various dragons and two large men, clad in leather and fur settled in fire.

"What is he doing?" One of the men asked. He was more muscular and has brawny physique compared to the others. His black shoulder length hair was swept back, five gray lines is painted on his chin, a pair of pale green eyes scanned the fight and three long horizontal scars running from his left ear to just under his left eye, like some large cat scratched his rather handsome face. His name is Eret the son of Eret, a former dragon hunter and trapper. Now he worked under Hiccup as emissary and a dragon rider.

"Well by the looks of it, it seems Gobber miss dragon slaying-"

"TAKE! THIS! AND! THAT!"

"A lot" The other man replied. He is bigger compared to Eret and has chubby physique. He has messy blonde hair, green eyes that hold knowledge and enthusiasm. A green and orange circle was painted around his face, his racing color. He has stubble and considered as boulder dragon expert in Viking kingdom. His name is Fishlegs Ingerman, a guru from dragon academy. On his side, a brown dragon with bulldog- like appearance nudge him with its snout. It's Meatlug, Fishlegs's loyal Grongkle dragon. "You having fun girl? What's that? OH SNOW VALKARY! Wow!"

"Raarfff!"

"Guess the dragons are having fun too" Eret mused as he watch Meatlug play in snow while Grump, Gobber's Hotburple dragon lay on his belly with sleepy expression and Skullcrusher, Eret's Rumblehorn dragon guard the large crate serious yet somewhat cute expression. "Wish Heather and Stormfly are okay."

Fishlegs stared at Gobber, as his old mentor whack the snowman with is club. He almost, ALMOST feel sorry for it. "Don't worry she can take care her own and I'm sure Stormfly can take a more of _that."_

"Yeah, but in this blizzard andâ€¦" There's something about this mountain, a presence that he felt this morning, something like the Bewilderbeast and that giant snowman yet it seems more gentle, something that has the power to create an ice castle that they were looking at. "Do you remember Johann's Story?"

Fishlegs shiver, he look around as if he expecting an attack and his voice came too soft, it almost like a whisper. "Do you mean the Snow Queen?"

"Yeah"

"Trader Johann loves to exaggerate stories you know."

"But how can you explain the castle with snowman guarding it?"

"Maybe â€œ"

"RaaarrHHH"

The three men turn to see what the dragons doing, they seems to hear something. Grump's and Meatlug's boby rattled like they were being

called, and in the distance they saw it. A trail of red smoke, a signal was sent from the forest not far away. "That must be Heather!"

"GOBBER!"

"AYE LADS! GRUMPS LIGHT 'IM UP!"

"Yahhh.." With a yawn Grump blast_ chunks of lava rocks_ at the body of snowman.

"MRAHHYY BOOODDY!" the snowman severe head screamed.

Then the three men quickly mount their steeds and with a great flap they soared to the sky. "Hey Gobber! What's with that snowman head? Your trophy?"

"Aye! Am a going to make this is mah new helmet." With that the smith place the head in his face like a mask. "See lads, awesome ain't he?" the snowman huff in response.

"uhâ€| " Eret look at Gobber like he gone crazy while Fishlegs try hard not to laugh. "Yeah..Okay."

"Umm.. guys?." Fishlegs said after a few minutes of silence, the blizzard suddenly died, and the crate where the dragon egg that Drago stole was now safely retrieve, radiate an intense cold aura, they could feel it while flying. Something is reacting to it.

"There something strange here."

"Yeah." Eret said with unease.

"Aye! It smells likeâ€| trolls?"

"Trolls? You mean those little thingies why Vikings sucks at names and love to steal left socks?"

"Aren't they real?"

"Hey Gobber, I know you hate to take a bath sometimes but, it sounds like you need it."

"Trolls are real! Hiccup hunt trolls for fishing once!"

"You sure you're no not _trolling _us?"

"Wha'?"

"Never mind"

"And also, I feel magic."

"Magic?"

"Please let's worry about the blizzard, trolls and magic later okay? We need to get to Heather right now"

With that, the riders flew toward the signal. Finally they will be united to their friend, and able to return to Berk, their home. But

unknown to them they were flying toward the door that they will never be able to close. A path that can endanger not only their kingdom, but the whole world. A new chapter of their history that full of war, betrayal, pain, despair and misery.

****A/N:** This doesn't make sense and boring so I won't stop it here.**

A few minutes of flying.

"DAMN!"

"Oh no" The trio and their dragons arrived where the smoke signal is coming. There's a camp in the woods occupied by soldiers judging from their flashy clothes. Not just soldiers, royal soldiers by the looks of their crest. The dragons tense because the soldiers grab their crossbows and unsheathe swords but didn't harm them. The riders guess that they were terrified, an unsettling feeling settled in their guts, if this mountain was infested with giant snowmen and blizzards and crawling with foreign soldiers with no experience about facing dragons for generations, things might be ugly. Heather and Stormfly are in trouble. They must find them immediately. "Come guys, let's get out of here"

Before they urge the dragons to turn and fly away, a flash of bright light from the corner of camp caught their eyes and a familiar roar echoed below them. Heather twirled NightGlow over her head, standing behind her was a beautiful lady with platinum blonde hair clad in elegant white dress, Stormfly dance around the large clearing, large enough to land.

"She want us to land? Is she out of her mind?" Gobber the belch asked his companions.

"I think it's safe you-" Eret began but Gobber cut him off.

"Do you lads remember what happened when the last time we introduce the dragons to foreign country? They start a FREAKING WAR! And much worse they sided with that vermin, Drago."

"I know Gobber, but Heather is there and she's telling us to come down."

"And it seems like these people look friendlyâ€¦ well friendlier than the first and they're not attacking us." Fishlegs added.

"Well she did fool us when you guys were fifteen."

"Hey!" both men exclaimed.

"I know, I know she had a reason eh. Just sayin', anyway be prepared just in case."

"MOMA!" the snowman moaned.

At Elsa's camp.

"DRAGONS! THE DRAGONS ARE HERE" with that the Elsa's guards stand and look at the sky. There are three terrifying winged beast circled above the camp. Each dragon carries muscular riders. Some of the

guards grab their swords and crossbow or either faint. "Everyone don't do any sudden moves, I know facing dragons is exciting but we do not want any trouble."

Heather did some weird dance with her glowing sword. Some sort of sign language and Stormfly the Deadly Nadder dragon squak happily. The three dragons made some lazy circles and with a flash the three dragons closed their wings and did some sort of free fall! The dragons showed no signs of cutting the fall, even they nearly reached ground, she'd grew worried and the guards started to panic. Again, how many time did they piss in a single day? She threw Heather a worried look, but the rider seemed calm, heck she was even smiling with tears in her eyes.

Before she could release some magic to make some snow cushion, the dragons opened their wings, catching the wind and cut their fall. They still landed heavily and the ground shakes visibly. The dragons shake their heads like nothing happened, the new arrivals bounded to Heather and Stormfly and engulf them with licks. Three leather-clad muscular men, much larger than any man she saw in Arendelle dismount the dragons and rush to hug Heather or scratch Stormfly.

Elsa took her chance to examine the trio and their dragons. And all of them are what she imagine how Vikings should look like. Not a good sign, but she knows, she can't judge a person by his appearance.

The first one, the buffest among the three, gray lines painted on his chin, three long scars run under his left eye. He has an axe and dagger strapped on his back. His green-red dragon has beetle like appearance and most fearsome among the dragons before her, its head has the shape of a battle axe. Its muscles were ripped, a clear sign of brute force.

The second man is more chubby, green and orange circle painted on his face, he look like gentle than the rest. He has messy blonde hair and a large claymore, the largest she saw, was strapped on his back. His dragon has the color of dirty yellow, it has a large jaw that can snap a tree like a twig with razor sharp teeth jutting on its lips, a club like tail that can be mistaken for it's head.

Then the third, the largest and most warlike looking. Several weapons were strapped on his body, swords, axe, mace, hammer, bow, arrow and various wooden hand-like utensils. He has a peg leg and prosthetic hand. He has blonde hair and long braided mustache a stone tooth jutting on his mouth. His rust-red colored dragon look like the second one just bigger and looked more lazy than scary and less bumpy scales. A snowball was slap against his helmet.

The Queen also notice the large crate that the third dragon carrying.

Slowly, led by Heather, they made their way to Elsa. The guards grew anxious and prepared their weapons just in case.

"Everyone, um guys, this Queen Elsa of Arendelle." Heather introduced Elsa to her companions. They bowed to her to show respect. The third man eyed her critically as if something funny was written on her face. She tried hard not to shake under the gaze of potential enemies and their pets.

"Don't show you're afraid of them, they'll take that as their advantage." She scolded herself. She tried to form a response but, it was futile. She could feel her fear is rising and the temperature is dropping cold. Unknown to her. The dragon riders are also panicking inside, it's been a while since they face a ruler of a foreign country and it didn't go well. Specially Heather, since she saw how powerful the Snow Queen. Does she lead her friends to their cold death? Does she bring another war upon her beloved kingdom? She doesn't even fulfill her promise to Astrid.

"She helped us, me and Stormfly when the blizzard knock us out."

"Oh. Did she? What a kind Queen you are, your majesty. Thank you for helping them out" The third man said in his deep accent voice. He gave her a toothy grin, revealing a denture that holds artificial teeth that made from stone.

"Queen Elsa, this is Gobber the belch, a blacksmith and a dentist from our kingdom." Heather indicated the third man. "And this Grump, Gobber's dragon, a Hotburple as we called his kind."

"Yawnnnn.."

"And this is Fishlegs Ingerman and Eret son of err.. just Eret. And this is Meatlug Fishlegs's Gronkle and Skullcrusher Eret's Rumbleorn." Heather said sheepishly. What a strange names they had.

"Your Majesty" Both men bow. While the dragons watch the interaction with interest.

Shrugging off her anxiety Elsa held out her hand. "It's nice to meet you-"

"MAMA." Everyone frowned, The Queen look around confused. Its sounds like Marshmallow her snowman that lives and guard her ice palace. Then she realize, the snowball that slap against Gobber's helm isâ€|.

"Uhh.. Mr. Gobber?"

"Yes, milady? "

"Can I see your helmet?"

"Uhh.." The old man reached his helmet."Why?" the blacksmith sounds like a boy caught in wrong doing.

"MAMA!" Elsa's anxiety banishes, the strangers seems like kind and gentle. Maybe she was wrong about them. Reluctantly, Gobber gave the helmet to Elsa.

"Hello there Marshmallow" The Queen greeted the snowman's head, which beamed at her. "I see you already meet the dragon riders."

"Mama?" Eret exchange some looks Gobber, while Fishlegs paled. "It couldn't beâ€|" the young man thought.

Elsa removed Marshmallow's head from the helmet. She held it with her hands and they began to glow. Snowflakes covered them, startling the riders. When the light fades, there stood the Queen of Arendelle with the snow monster at her side.

The Vikings stared at Elsa, shock and mouth agape.

"The, the-"

"You're, you're-" Fishlegs began to tremble, he was terrified at Trader Johan story. And now standing before them is the Snow Queen in flesh, beautiful and proud.

"Magic" Gobber said dreamy expression. "See lads, I told ya!" the blacksmith turned and smirk at now- shaking- Eret- and- Fishlegs. "Magic exists, so does Trolls!"

"Uh." Elsa felt uncomfortable when the old man mentioned the trolls.

"So anyway, you're the.. How they call you? Oh right! The Ice Fairy Princess! You're Quite famous to us, V-" Heather flash him a shut-up-they-don't-know-about-us-being-Vikings-look. "V-Verk, I mean Berk, our homeland."

Elsa stared at him, as if she's searching something on his face. It's the first time she was speechless since the Great Thaw. After three long minutes, which unnerve the fearless riders, she turned to Marshmallow and told him to return to ice palace, and tell the Captain the prepared some tent for her visitors. With a flick of her concentration. The blizzard she'd stop returned. The Queen invited the riders to stay and spend the night with her and her guards.

There's something she need to confirm.

****Author's Note: Two Months?! Two Months! Time does really fly. Well that's it chapter 2.****

****oh yeah. What exactly happened to Astrid? you guys guess. okay. What will happen now? Stay tune to know.****

****Feedback, Flames, Favorites and Follows helps!****

4. Chapter III

****Author's Note: Hi everyone. been a long time since i last visit my tiny corner in internet. so i hope people are still willing to read my story. A lot of people were confused and want to know what's happening, like what happened to Astrid(Don't worry she's not dead. yet. well i don't know either, so continue reading if you want to know!). So in this chapter you'll see the surface of the problem.****

****standard disclaimer.****

CHAPTER III â€" Dragon Problem.

It was midnight. The snow storm continued to pound against Elsa's ethereal barrier, shielding the camp from the vicious weather. Not that, she can't stop the blizzard completely but to keep the dragon riders and also not wanting to disrupt the works of nature.

Right now, the whole field of energy flickered dangerously as the crowd panicked and the soldiers that guard the queen raise their swords and crossbows against the dragons and riders.

"Vikings!" one of them shriek. It causes the dragons to snarl and let out a low growl.

"Gobber, I think you shouldn't tell them about- ouch" Eret said. Their arms were raise in the air to show no sign of aggression.

"Yeah, I agree, I always question your ways of solving things." Fishlegs said as muttered words of comfort to calm the dragons. Heather fumes as she pat and scratch Stormfly's head trying to sooth her friend.

"Don't worry lass, I'm just testing them. We could get free ice cream with walking snowman who named marshmallows worst scenario we start another war against a foreign kingdom because you call to us." The blacksmith said with his voice that always filled with humor and unintentional sarcastic remark.

The Snow Queen couldn't believe it! First she had come to this mountain with a handful of guards because she felt a strange call, a, some sort of connection. Second she met a strange girl with creature that recognizable from epics and legends. Then she learned from these dragon riders, that faraway to north a tribes of savage brutes who pillage and burn village with dragons for pet were now united under single banner. Could this day get any _madder?_

"Savage beasts!"

"STOP! YOU'LL ONLY MAKE IT WORSE!"

"HEY! DON'T-"

Turning to the voice of the only girl in the strange group, Elsa saw Heather shield the dragons with her body from the angry mob. A sword slashed wildly that nearly cut her head off. Fortunately it was blocked by Eret. She noticed the frantic look on Heather's face and the pleading eyes of the Vikings. It was clear to her that they don't want to hurt anyone and if they intend so, her guards won't stand a chance.

Before anyone could react the Queen of Arendelle decided to stop this madness before someone got hurt. "Enough!" she'd cast an icy bolt of magic to the mountain floor, which spread into icy spikes pointing upward just for effect.

Everyone went silent, even the dragons who were almost lost control now watch Elsa curiously and intently. The group of warriors let out a sigh of relief , which didn't go unnoticed to the queen.

"Now pray tell me Vikings! What's your story? And what are you doing in foreign land? I will decide your fate from what you tell me."

Almost everyone gulp. It's not like every day you see the Snow Queen use the words that will make you wonder if you'll live or spend the rest of your life as a hunk of meat encased in ice. Not Gobber, the old man seems crazy. He beamed at her, his blue eyes are twinkling like he was satisfied of something.

"Aye, I'll tell you."

â€|.

The dragons lay on the ground, comfortable in their sleep in the very borders of the camp. They resembled a sleeping dog or an overgrown cat as everyone noticed. The horse stayed at a distance from them and most of the guards shot them with half fearful, half amused looks.

The Vikings looked at the silent form of the queen in front of them as she tried to process everything. After everyone calmed down, the Vikings, Elsa and with a handful of guards together with the captain, Sir William retreated to a small tent and explained how their united kingdom was thrown into war, about Drago and the dragon egg he'd stolen, the mission to retrieve and capture that were entrusted to them and the rumors that the madman was sighted near in Arendelle, Corona and Southern Isle. They explain it and the queen listened intently to Viking's tale. They tried hard not to fidget not only under the icy gaze of Snow Queen but everyone in the tent.

The Queen broke the silence which made the Vikings jump slightly. "So this Drago person is here in Arendelle?" She asked slowly. The name Drago Bludvist sends a wave of chill down in her back. The name was familiar, she knew she heard it somewhere before but she couldn't lay a finger on it.

Then an image of a large man clad in reptile hide and scarred face flashes in her mind. It causes her to put a hand in her head.

"Your Majesty! Are you okay?" Sir William asked worriedly in his voice.

"Yes. I'm fine, now Vikings answer my question." Elsa resisted the urge to snap. No matter how stressed she was, she would judge the travellers fairly. She won't punish them for being Vikings. "This Drago person is here in Arendelle?"

Fishlegs nodded vigorously while Eret replied with firmness. "Yes."

"And he escaped?"

There was a pause before Heather continued. "It seems the information slipped. He was nowhere to be found in his hideout but we retrieved this." She revealed the egg hidden in the large crate that Skullcrusher guards.

Strangely, the Snow Queen felt the connection she felt, the reason why she decided to go in this snowy mountain grew stronger. "That's the—"

"Yes, the reason why we're here."

"So what will you do now? This Drago from what I've heard he won't stop until he brings you down and I don't want a madman near to

people."

"We will return this fella back to Berk. Before we can pursue Drago again." Eret said as he warped the egg carefully and secured the crate with a set of interlocking chains. "And don't worry. His forces were weakened greatly after the last war. It will end soon."

Elsa was still worried. Something tells her that things would get more complicated.

In the corner, Gobber the belch watched the young queen silently. He was right to test the queen by telling her about them. At first she was reluctant to hear them but when she saw that they intend no harm, the blacksmith was happy to see that this young girl, a little younger to Hiccup was a good queen. A kind person who give fair judgement to people.

â€|

Somewhere at the very edge of Viking Archipelago.

King Dieter of Southern Isle approached the bow of ship he was sailing. While watching the distance he could make out that a storm is brewing but according to the captain they could reach their destination before the weather got worse so nothing is to worry about.

His thoughts were going back to his youngest brother, Hans and the punishment he receive from their father. It's been a year since Hans was exiled. To the eyes of their father the young prince brought shame not only to their kingdom but to their family. Because of this the king of Southern Isle died from heart attack.

The first prince was crowned as the new king. King Dieter loved Hans. He remembered the good times they share when they were little. He was aware that his brother wants to be acknowledged by his parents and always tried to surpass him.

Hans's goal become obsession, and that obsession cause his brother to do what he did. To put it simply, the new king felt that he was the responsible to his little brother. And his duty as a brother is to make things right.

"Your majesty we arrived the island. Your brother is waiting." A crew member told him.

"Good, let him abroad and tell to everyone in this ship that we will have a feast for my brother has returned." King Dieter answered excitedly.

Five minutes later.

A young man with untamed red hair covered in white fur cloak kneeled in front of the king. His face was a replica to the man in his front.

"Hans, my brother I've believe you've suffered enough from your actions and as the King of Southern Isle I forgive you from your sins and I named you Prince Hans!" cheers echoed from every direction. Music began to play and the smell of food filled the air.

The king walk to welcome his brother with a hug. As he spread his arms, Hans stabbed him with dagger hidden in his cloak. Dieter fall to his knees, shock and horror was written in his face. Did he drive his brother this far? The king clutch his heart, blood continued to pour out in his wound. Panic filled him and the ship was engulf with fire. The music replace by the cry of agony and death. Winged reptilian creatures began to decend to feast upon the crew of the ship.

"H-hans!?" Dieter chock out. "W-what a-are you doing?!"

"Succeeding you, brother." Hans spat coldly. He watched his brother reached out and die slowly and when the life of the king finally extinguished. The prince take the crown and place it in his head.

No sadness filled his heart. But something made him smile instead; his plan of revenge and to take over the world, was now in motion. The only problem is Drago, the united Viking kingdom and that mysterious shaman named Miraak.

But no matter, nothing will stop him from exacting his vengeance.

Now in the air at the back of a mighty Boneknapper, he continued to watch the fire consumed the ship. A banner bearing the crest of the royal family of the Southern Isle reduced to nothingness. _I've a kingdom to claim. _Hans thought grudgingly as he willed his dragon to the Island of Tomorrow to gather force. He was not looking forward to return to Drago.

â€|

Now that the tension finally ceased. Elsa was surprised to see the crowd gathered around the Vikings. The old man, Gobber was telling them the story of how he lost his hand to pass the time. She must admit, it was an interesting story. A question played in her head.

"And with a twist!" Gobber made a twisting motion with his prosthetic hand, which made the desired effect. The crowd of soldier responded to his story with silly serious faces. "he took my hand."

Fishlegs and Eret yawned as they emptied their coffee.

"-And he must have spread the word of it." The blacksmith continued in low voice as if telling a horror story, causing the listener to lean closer. "because in that month somebody took my leg!" he conclude his story by gesturing his peg leg.

A soldier said. "That was a very impressive story master Gobber."

"Not if you heard it after a hundred times." Eret muttered silently.

"Ah.. if you used to fight dragons how come did you lot manage to control the beast?" at this Elsa perk up. The queen saw the irritation flash to the faces of Vikings but it was banished as soon as it appeared.

"Well that it's a long story." The queen was slightly disappointed. She really want to know more about this dragons or how did this people learn to train the them. These Vikings and dragons supposed to be ruthless and savage but from what she have seen, they were both gentle creature. Well according to them she was quite famous to their village to scare kids who disobeyed their parents. She sigh.

" Short the Dragon Conqueror shows up and change our views about them." Eret said.

Elsa couldn't resist. "The Dragon Conquer?"

"Yes, Dragon Conqueror " Heather said and smile. "According to legend he was the first known dragon rider and he united and bring peace in our archipelago."

"Oh and-and they some says he was feared because he killed death, and he mount the one with darkness and his sword shines hope and blaze with destruction." Fishlegs said and Elsa could swear she hear a smug tone that hide in his enthusiastic voice.

"Killed death?"

"That story is for different time. I doubt this will be the last time we will see each other Queen Elsa." The blacksmith offer a hand and a friendly smile. He notice her slight resemblance to Astrid. He also see the similarities and get the vibes of Hiccup to this girl. Every time he looked at her, he remembered Hiccup when the lad was younger. They share the same eyes that held wonder and innocence. Both different from people around them. He believed that he could see the same smiles that masked the sadness of loneliness. "It's time for us to go."

Elsa hesitated but took his hand and shook it. She was surprised when Heather hug her in sisterly fashion and whispered "Thank you."

"We will never forget your generosity, Queen Elsa." Eret said while Fishlegs beamed. The blizzard died and the Vikings mount their dragons. The majestic beasts flap their mighty wings and together they flew to the sky.

High in sky, the Vikings enjoyed the view. Every time they ride the currents of air they find comfort and felt peace, no matter what kind of problem they had on the ground. The rushing wind felt good and everything seems bigger. Like the world was waiting to be explored.

Soon, in near future, the peace and comfort will replace with terror and despair.

* * *

><p>AN: And that's chapter three. hope you enjoy it.**

Follow and reveiw.

P.S. i'm willing to rewrite a chapter if you guys point out wrong spelling and grammar.

5. Chapter IV

****Author's note:** Hi everyone, chapter five is out. I actually planned to post this on my birthday but got delayed because life doesn't always work the way we intended. As for spellings and grammar, PLEASE REVIEW! HOW WILL I KNOW WHERE I DID WRONG AND IMPROVE MY STORY IF YOU DON'T POINT IT OUT!**

****Guest:** I know he's awesome. Don't worry he would get an overkill bodyguard.**

****DragonSing31496:** Why thank you! I'm glad you like this story. Your message motivated me to updated this story.**

****TheWritingFactory:** Glad you like it! and Thank you for pointing that out. I was actually stuck between "control over ice" or "power over ice", i decide to go with the first one, since i'm planning to make this fanfiction more magical.**

****This is not only httyd x frozen, i'm going to tackle how Elsa got her powers and bring a supernatural villain that you might recognize from a game or movie or book.****

****Song i'm listening Winter Sleep by Olivia Lufkin. A great song for this chapter.****

****Standard disclaimer.****

Chapter IV " Image of Ice

Hiccup blink rapidly, trying to clear his vision. He found himself standing in a misty place and unsettling colds. There are walls of ice in different shape and size all around, a set of beautiful rock formation and in the distance he could see a lagoon and a large flock of dragons in different colours and species resembling a rainbow. He remembered this place well, it was the home of the mighty Bewilderbeast. With the snow slightly obscuring his vision the Viking chief walked without particular destination while his grassy green eyes tried to scanned his surroundings

He approach a cliff, that he was sure he hadn't seen before in the island. Deciding to investigate, Hiccup was very grateful and fortunate, there's a stair that bridge to the other side, he took it and cross the cliff, feeling dread and irrational fear make its way in his heart . He held his breath in amazement the moment he laid his eyes to the ice castle stood proud in front of him. He couldn't help but to admire the beauty of the architecture and wonder how in the world it is built?

The Viking overcame by his amazement and curiosity, began to climb the narrow staircase. His peg leg made a thumping noise against the ice. He walked up to the door.

Before he could knock, the ice door swung open without making any contact with Hiccup's hand. He warily stepped inside and for the second time he was impressed.

_Hiccup had been in different ice cave and ice fortress during his

adventure with Toothless, in search for another Night Fury. They usually have stalactites on the ceilings by melting ice or frost and the floor was covered by stalagmites due to accumulation of water from above. This place however, was flawless and more delicate than the 'nest of behemoth'. He couldn't believe that it is possible to design a pattern to ice structure like this._

That's not the only thing that caught his attention. In the center of the room, just bellow the grand staircase a figure with the colour of northern light shimmered in existence, floating just above the ice fountain. It resemble a creature he was sure he imagined when he was young, when his father took him in fishing. 'Trolls are real! They steal socks but only the left ones' a voice in his head told him.

The figure motioned for him to come closer, which Hiccup reluctantly comply. The troll spoke in ancient and weary voice that made his hair stand from the end. "Listenâ€¦ your power only grows." The lights of different colour flow freely around like water and slowly they form hundreds of Norse letters and runes. "There will be peaceâ€¦" the northern light now displays human and dragon figures that Hiccup recognized, they surround him and he could feel a 'murmur' of happiness. "But also a great danger." The figures explode and scattered around the room. He could feel 'their panic' and it began to affect him, the temperature noticeably drop as the old troll continued. "The one who brought you pain will return."

"_Dragon Master." A voice from behind said in distaste. The Viking boy knew that voice, anger quickly consumed him, his blood boils, his hands curled into fist, and his skin flushed._

"_Drago!" Hiccup turned and advance toward the shadow of the man he hated the most._

"_Your worst nightmares will haunt youâ€¦!"_

"_Hiccup.." Hiccup stopped from his tracks when a deep hoarse voice called him. It's been years since he heard this caring voice. Drago's shadow was replace by a silhouette of a large mant. He slowly approach the shadow as a lump formed in his throat. Reaching out with his hand, the ghost of his father disappeared before he made a contact. The memory of the last moments of his father's sacrifice burned in his mind._

"_Dad, I-I-"_

"_Hiccup.." a kind and soothing voice called him again and he could see another silhouette appeared a few feet from him. This time he walked toward it a little faster. His eyes started to wet as he felt again his longing for a mother's love._

"_Mom." The image of her mother also disappeared._

"_Hiccup.." another voice with a sad tone got his attention. He remembered well when his mentor, Gobber told him not to try so hard because he'll only get himself killed. He remembered how hurt and betrayed he was when his teacher doesn't believe in him._

"_Hiccup.." he run in a straight to the grand staircase as he heard

his name over and over again and remember his pain he felt in his life like hatred; he remember clearly when Snotlout push him around when they were kids, envy, he remember well when he saw other kids adored by their parents, fear, when Dagur tried to kill him for fun and he would gone numb, failure, when he tried his best. trying to be acknowledge, trying to fit in the society only to be called useless and bullied by everyone._

"_Pain and your fear of isolation will be your enemy."_

He was alone from the start and so in the end. Everything he loved, everyone he tried to protect got hurt or killed, because of his stupidity, it was a burden he must endure. He was naïve and stubborn to believe that someday everyone will find peace, that someday everyone will share his ideology. How many people suffered for him? Died to protect his beliefs? He know that everyone who sided him from the last war choose their path with free will. But he still felt guilty and responsible for the deaths of his people. Specially his father and Astrid.

"_Only love will be your salvation."_

Hiccup stopped in his tracks as well his train of thoughts. The shadows disappear, he was now alone in great foyer. The place is beautiful and eerie. He heard someone step from the shadows, a pair of blue orbs stared at him longingly.

"_Astrid?" he called out. He wasn't sure but it's not a silhouette made from aurora like before, the girl looked so real._

She turns and heads up to the second story step, Hiccup run after her and shouted. "Wait don't go."

The memory of the night he confess his love to Astrid flash right before his eyes.

"_Oh would you stop messing with my hair!" a younger version of Hiccup said in mock anger._

"_Well, no can't do!" Astrid said as she tied several strand of hair into a braid. "Look how long it got! And you look adorable with this braids."_

Hiccup just shook his head and sigh but made no attempt to stop the girl. The young boy relaxed while staring into the starry night sky with his love of life humming a song that always made him calm.

_Four years had passed since the defeat of Red Death and people slowly coexist with dragons, even other tribes were starting to visit their island to learn how to befriend the dragons. Of course, some chiefs just feel threatened that the tribe of Hairy Hooligans has their nemesis at their disposal and some see their reptilian friends is just another weapon to conquer. Slowly most of the chiefs grew fond and enjoyed the company of the dragons and share their views. But there is the Berserkers who constantly love to fight. The Outcast who had rocky relationship with other tribes since almost everyone there were banished from their home island. The Lava-lout tribe, Murderous Tribe and Stinking Vermin, cruel slavers who were destroyed and splintered into smaller clans that resides in the very corner of

the barbaric archipelago._

"_Hiccupâ€|" Astrid look at Hiccup in the eyes. He noticed a worried twinkle in her deep blue eyes._

"_Sorry just a few things to think." He smiled sheepishly to the girl. "Is there a problem?"_

"_There's some- no never mind." She look away suddenly interested to watch Toothless snore quietly, who curl a few feet from them._

Astrid remained silent, avoiding his eyes. Hiccup breathed her name as he brought his face closer to hers. "If there's something bothering you, please tell me."

He pulled her into a hug and in a small voice the shield maiden whispered. "It just- I just-, what did I do to deserve you Hiccup?"

"_Huh?"_

"_Do you remember when we were little?"_

"_Yes, what is it?"_

"_Everything just occurred to me.. when you almost died with the Red Death."_

There was a pause and the tension is getting intense.

"_Astrid?"_

"_Nobody in the village cared for you! Even your father stopped trying because he don't know what to do to you! Gobber tried to teach you smithing but everyone in village treated you useless! The other kids they always bullied you! And I- and Iâ€|"_

Astrid looked Hiccup square in the eye, tears slowly run down in her fair skin. "And I stand just there. I never cared. I thought you're just another boy who's trying to show off! I used to treat you like a nuisance! Yet you still save us after everything we've done to you."

The girl sobbed uncharacteristically as she wrapped her arms around his neck. "And we- I never apologized for everything. I felt horrible that I only acknowledge you after everything was done."

Hiccup patted her back awkwardly, taken aback from her sudden outburst. "Astrid."

"_And the only one who understood you is a dragon!"_

"_Come on, it's not so bad when you really think about it."_

You don't understand. I was afraid you think I only like you, because of your achievements. You're too forgiving Hiccup."

"_Hey. You did nothing wrong. In fact, you're the reason I

stayed."_

Astrid pulled away and looked down at her feet. "What do you mean?"

"_I love you, Astrid. You're right, I'm trying to impress you from the very start."_

Hiccup was unsure what to do that mortifying moment. He just told her he love her. "Look we were now happy and I don't want to ruin it just because I deserve to be jerk. I just- I just can't live with that."

The girl still looked glum so he told her. "And besides, I'd be a mess if you weren't with me?"

_That did it the girl crack a little smile and wipe her face. She punched him lightly in his gut earning a surprised yelp.
"Hiccup?"_

"_Yeah?" he grumbled as he massaged the sore spot._

"_Can you promise me you will never change, that you'll always be strong and brave?" The shield maiden asked as her lips brushed against his._

"_I can live with that." Hiccup said dreamily as he received another punch from Astrid. "I loved you Astrid."_

_ "I loved you too, Hiccup."_

â€|_._

They arrive on the top floor, the main living space, Hiccup guess. 'Astrid' opens up the balcony door and sank into her knees. The boy was sure his heart skipped a beat when he heard her crying. His eyes marvel the girl and realized it's not Astrid; she was no older than thirteen and resembles Astrid a bit, wearing an elegant blue dress, her platinum blonde hair was tied in a bun, she had a small nose and very pale skin with light dusting of freckles and her eyes- those beautiful blue eyes they held sadness. Hiccup felt a tremor through his body, a feeling of weakness surging through her presence.

The girl gave him a pain smile. A smile that send shiver in his back and the thought that he had such a beautiful person crossed his mind. He wanted to help her. He don't want to lose someone dear again. He will do anything to protect her.

"_An act of true love shall free you." The voice of troll said._

Hiccup took steps to the mysterious girl. The girl saw this and begun inching from him until her back found an icy wall.

"_It's okay. I won't hurt you." Hiccup said in soothing voice and offering a genial smile. He took another step._

"_No! Don't touch me. I don't want to hurt you." Hiccup looked at her with alarmed sadness before he drop a knee and offer a hand._

"_It's okay don't be scared."_

"_Please." Hiccup look around to see the walls are cracking and sharp wake of ice surround them._

The Viking boy put his hand in her shoulder, she instinctively stiffened but when she saw his caring eyes. Her icy blue eyes meeting his grassy green ones she relax slowly but still guarded. The jagged spikes of ice disappear and they felt a warm glow.

"_and it shall bring back hope and peace to her and to everyone." The voice of troll concluded, causing the boy to leave the realm of dreams._

â€|_._

A young man who lay in the green fields of dragon island take a breath, inhaling the sweet smell of grass and water. His ears were filled with the music of nature; the slow dripping of water from a river just a few blocks away from him. The gentle sound of caressing breeze. The chirpings of birds and dragons. His forest green eyes open slowly and blink for several times, trying to adjust in sunshine. Sitting up, he let out a big yawn worthy of a dragon. His dream was long forgotten.

He ran his finger to the couple of small braids behind his right ear. His scraggy and unkempt hair barely reach his shoulder. His short beard is also braided, concealing his freckles which you won't notice if you look closely. Yes, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, this young lad had grown from that scrawny, useless little fish into strong, brave, feared and most respected chief of berk, second King of Wilderwest, conqueror of dragons and ruler of all Vikings.

Most of the time an elder from Hairy Hooligans or a chief of another tribe would remark how he looked much more like Stoick every day that passed. The people of Berk could also see the growing resemblance of Hiccup and Stoick the Vast, especially Valka, his mother. And some start comparing them, much to Hiccup's horror.

At first Hiccup was terrified how he could be a good chief. How to be selfless, caring leader, who would sacrifice even his own life to protect his people and how to stand to what is important and what is right.

Despite his fears and anxieties, Hiccup embrace the responsibility of a chief and soon, king of every Viking and dragon that lived inside the Viking territory. He was able to rule them because of love and support of his friends, to which he was very grateful.

He was loved by his people, to them he was a hero who mounted the wings of night, his sword shines hope and glory. The Guardian who inspires peace. His enemies feared him. To them, he was the harbinger of death, herald of destruction, he who mount the unholy offspring of lightning of death itself, his blade blazes with despair. The Black King of the archipelago.

The twenty five years old couldn't help but smile and roll his eyes about his reputation. He always wonder how exaggerated the Viking stories, yet remain accurate.

A shadow looming over cause him to stop his musing. A sharp piercing sound filled the air and he could make out the black shape of a Night Fury. It was free falling, Toothless opened his wings to catch the wind and cut his fall. Surprisingly he land gracefully without a sound, a trait that made a Night Fury became a dangerous hunter at night. Despite his size which is big as an average Monstrous Nightmare, Toothless retained his speed and stealth specially his fire power as a strike class dragon.

"Morning bud, did you hunt? Have you eaten something?"

Toothless bounded to Hiccup and let out a happy warble. The Viking let out a deep, genuine laugh as he laid out his hand on the Night Fury's head. They both close their eyes together.

When the moment was broken, Hiccup let out another laugh while he scratching his dragon's side. The dragon warbled happily and cocked its head.

"No, thank you. I'll eat when we returned to Berk." He grinned.

Toothless now lying belly up, his limbs outstretch in the air with a look of content on his face, resembling a dog. Hiccup's grin disappeared and replace with a frown. His dragon was sporting a long gash in its body, the bleeding stopped last night but the wound would take a time to heal. The Night Fury got this from the last night's duel of alphas. _Well, the Whispering Deaths will never be a trouble again and Blitz won't sink another island out of his rage again._Hiccup thought.

"Ready to go home bud? Can you carry me with that wound?" the Night Fury lazily stands and stretched and nodded.

â€|..

Riding the winds, the rider and dragon zoom past to Berk. Both had responsibility as a leader to protect their kin and the other. Little did they knew, that a decision will test their determination and patience, a decision that will endanger not only the fate of the Kingdom of Wilderwest but the whole world.

* * *

><p>AN: So like it or not let me know. I demand review! please make some suggestions and tell me which part of the story sucks! i'm willing to edit it to make it more readable.**

* * *

><p>n-top-a, L!u o b in-bottom-alt:auto;
line-height:normal'Feedback, Flames, Favorites and Follows helps!

6. Chapter V

A/N: Enjoy. I didn't own How to train your Dragon or Frozen.

* * *

<p>Chapter V " The Prophecy of Old Gods.<p>

Hiccup woke up with start. Beads of sweat formed in his forehead and despite the warm morning, he shivered violently. Every time he closed his eyes, every time he drifted to the land of dreams. A nightmare haunted his sleep.

At first these dreams never bothered him. But since he sent Fishlegs, Eret, Gobber and Heather after Drago, they become annoying and it's driving him crazy.

These nightmares were always about the recent war he and his people had endured. The night sky was lighted with fire, screams and roar broke the silence, men are dying, dragons are enrage and filled with bloodlust. Then his dreams will shift, he will find himself standing inside the ice castle, following a little girl in elegant dress. There's nothing wrong until they were surrounded with jagged ice.

Every time he dreamed about that it always end in more disturbing way than the last. Sometimes it will end when a sharp spike of ice pierce his heart, sometimes a giant snow man would crush him with its massive hand and sometimes a bolt of blue energy will hit his chest that it turned him into ice sculpture.

Hiccup sigh, scratching his growing beard. He learned that this dreams are actually visions from possible future. He remembered the night he returned from his little expedition. The night the Council of Elders summoned him.

...~...

"_To what pleasure do I owe you elders?" Hiccup said politely as possible, he was weary from his travel with Toothless. He didn't want to disrespect them, for they are the one who guide the villages for generations and since he reunited the Vikings for the first time after three hundred years, they offer helpful advice on how to be a good leader for the young king._

"_Ah Hiccup Dragon Conqueror, We're sorry for calling you so late and just after you solveâ€| ah our 'little' dragon problem." Nognog the Black said, the blind leader of the Council of Elder. Standing from his right Gothi the mute smiled at Hiccup. To his left Hilda the deaf stared at him blankly. "You must be tired, here have a seat."_

"_It's okay, the Whispering Deaths won't bother us again and their leader, Blitz is actually a big softy."_

"_Blitz? You mean the Screaming Death?"_

"_Yes Nognog."_

"_My dear boy you've done us a great service." Nognog's white eyes twinkle, the lines in his ancient face twisted as he smiles. "Back in the old days, youngsters like you would try to solve it with axe or sword or even with our faces."_

_Hiccup shrugged, remembering a distant memory of camp fire with

Gobber telling stories and Snotlout swearing that he would avenge Gobber's hand and leg by chopping down every dragon with his face._

"_Yes, I get that a lot."_

Hilda the deaf whispered something in Norse language to Nognog. The old man's expression turned serious. "That reminds me the reason why we summon you."

Hiccup gulp. He never saw Nognog turned so serious before. Gothi grimace before nodding and even Hilda who 'usually' trapped in her own world become alert than anyone. Did he do something wrong? Did they decide to strip him his title? Or worse another war broke in while he was away? "Rightâ€¦!"

"_Are you having strange dreams my boy?"_

Strange dreams? What kind of question is that?

"_Uh.. yea? I guess."_

"_Could you tell us what did you dream." It wasn't a question._

"_Well, you know. The war against Drago and stuffs..."_

"_Go on."_

Hiccup hesitated. "There's this little girl I always follow in my dream.." the king pause somehow embarrassed before steeling his nerves. "We were inside of an ice castle then, every time I reach out for her jagged ice sprouted everywhere."

Nognog and Gothi made a face. It was hard to translate because of the lines of age made them look more ancient. Concern? He's not sure. Hilda, however, Observe him with her intense gray eyes.

"_Why would you reach out for her?" Nognog inquire._

"_Becauseâ€¦ I don't know. She just looked scared."_

Gothi and Hilda looked at each other, then Hilda talk to Nognog in quick Norse. The cheery old man listened intently. Hilda's eyes never left Hiccup, which made the Viking nervous.

"_Hiccup Stoickson." Hiccup straighten, it's been a long time he heard someone called him son of Stoick the Vast. It made him dreadful, older Vikings used to make comparisons. "You're a great man. You will bring glory to our people. You will guide the one who will peace to the world and to you."_

Completely overwhelmed by weirdness Hiccup stammered a single word. "Wha..What? "

"_Tell me Hiccup, do you know the story of Speedfast and his three sons?"_

"_You mean Grimbeard the Ghastly? Yes, he was the first king of the Wilderwest, and they say that he tamed the sky, the sea and the

mountains right? I also heard that he was so mighty the dragons feared him that they didn't dare to attack the first kingdom."_

"_You are correct." Nognog beamed but it didn't last long as Hilda whispered to his ear. "Listen to me my boy, We need you to swear upon your honors that you won't reveal to anyone what you will learn here."_

"_Is it really necessary?"_

"_Promise it."_

"_Okay, I'm Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third swear upon my honor that I won't reveal to anyone about anything that happened here."_

"_Excellent! Now listen closely." The old man gesture to Hiccup to lean closer, which the Viking comply without a word. Nognog's voice grew smaller as if he's telling a horror story. "Tonight you will learn Grimbeard's secret. My father's father passed down this secret to him and my father passed it down to me. Gothi's and Hilda's forefather did the same to protect our people. Now we are passing it to you because we believe you are the one."_

"_I'm really very extra sure that I don't understand you."_

Nognog shrug and chuckle. "Anyway about Grimbeard's secret, before Grimbeard there was a boy named Speedfast, he tamed the dragons who ruled the ocean, sky, and mountain."

"_Whoa you mean..?"_

"_Yes, the dragons never feared him. He was like you, he befriended them."_

"_Okayâ€¦ What happened then." Several question pop in Hiccup's Head._

"_He taught his people how to live with dragons and he became a father."_

"_Thugheart Berserk, Chucklehead the Bog and Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Second."_

"_Yes. Do you know why your namesake is a hero to our people?"_

"_They say that he died after slaying thousands of dragons that overrun the Helheim's Gate, but I'm guessing that's not true."_

"_Indeed. Chucklehead spread that to cover Grimbeard's greatest shame."_

"_huh? What Grimbeard's greatest shame that force Chucklehead spread false rumor?"_

"_He killed his own son." Nognog said causing Hiccup to gasp in shock._

"_What?!"_

"_Hmm where to startâ€¦ oh here, Thugheart is a brave and prideful man, he loved his father so much that he would conquer the world to made him proud, he saw the dragons as a tool to reach his goals."_

Hiccup wasn't surprise. He met a lot of people, including those power hungry bastards like Drago, Dagur, Alvin and many more.

"_While Chucklehead inherited their father's love for the dragons. Hiccup was different, He lived among the dragons. Then one night a Norse goddess visited them."_

"_A goddess?"_

"_Aye. Skadi."_

"_The goddess of hunt and winter"_

"_Yes the goddess told them that Hiccup was special. She said that the blood of the first Bewilderbeast run in his vains."_

"_What does that mean? "_

"_No one was sure. But whatever it meant, it refers about Hiccup's power over ice."_

"_Like the popular silly stories of trader Johann? The Snow Queen?"_

_Nognog's smile grew bigger, it reaches both of his ear.
"Yes."_

"_This is getting crazy."_

"_Yes. But it's true."_

"_So the second Hiccup has power of ice. What happened?"_

"_Skadi told Grimbeard that his son's powers were growing, too strong for human contact. The goddess said that those who had the power of the first behemoth or first leviathan will bring a great change to the world, the dragons will bow to him, for better or worse. When the goddess left Speedfast decided to send his son to Helheim's Gate.

"_

"_Solitude." Hiccup said sadly._

"_Yes. After many years, Thugheart, eager to please his father, tried to convince Hiccup to conquer the world."_

"_But he refused."_

"_Indeed. The youngest son of Speedfast values the life. Living with the dragons, he understands the meaning of power and the responsibility of it. The oldest was bitter, he became obsess with power."_

Hiccup just nodded.

"_Then he met a man named Miraak."_

"_Miraak." The king of Vikings repeated. The fires from nearby hearth grow dull._

"_A shaman like us." Nognog spread his arms, gesturing to Gothi and Hilda. "Miraak poisoned his mind. Turning Thugheart against his people, against the dragons, against his father, and against his brother."_

Hiccup stayed silent.

"_Somehow Thugheart manage to trick the mighty Grimbeard the Ghatly to kill his favorite son. Hearing the last words of Hiccup made him realized his biggest mistake. The dragons went wild, thus the start of the great vendetta between the Vikings and Dragons. Thugheart's men were banished from the kingdom. And the birth of the berserkers and other murderous tribe who was responsible the world know us as savage brutes. Thugheart who was overcome by regret hunted down Miraak."_

There was a pause elder Nognog was getting tired. Each word of the Viking history he spoke took a great effort.

"_When he finally tracked the shaman, he tried to assassinate him. But Miraak was much more powerful than he seems. It is said his wound healed fast than the blink of eye. The shaman revealed his true intention to the eldest son to fulfill a prophecy of old gods : By third blood of ice, eternal winter will devour the world, all warmth will cease, all hope is gone for the frozen heart will never melt. Miraak said that he will return as the third bearer of dragon is yet to born."_

Gothi write something on dirt with her staff, the image of a large tree with a lot of circles on each branches. Hilda seems to understand what it is and speak with Nognog the blind in Norse. "Oh yeah. After that Grimbeard died while dragons went amok, while Chucklehead settle at the banks of Helheim's Gate. His descendant are us, the Hairy Hooligans of Berk, Breakneck Bog of bog etc. Thugheart flee farther to south, promising he won't set a foot again to our archipelago. And Miraak's fate were unknown."

"_What does this story got to do with me?"_

"_Hiccup, we told you the darkest part of our history because we believe you'll make things right. This dreams of yours are visions of possible future. A great old seer and Skadi, a goddess foretold our ancestors that two descendants of Grimbeard will stop the eternal winter. "_

"_What do you expect me to do build a snowman?"_

"_No, the other one would do that."_

"_Who?"_

"_I believe you mentioned her twice a while ago."_

Hiccup remembers Trader Johann's story and the little girl his dreams. It made a connection. "This is Crazy! What's next? Gobber's troll exists?"

Clearly amused, Old Nognog starts to yawn and he said. "Well, that's good for tonight. You need to rest King Hiccup, you had a long day."

Hiccup turned to leave. He was about to call his Night Fury when another question pop from his head. "Elders? Nognog?"

"_Yes?"_

"_I've been meaning to ask. What does Miraak mean when he said he shall return. It's impossible right? Does that mean he still lives?"_

"_I don't my boy, but whatever it meant, always remember you should protect the bearer of blood of ice."_

...~...

"Ah Toothless." Hiccup groaned as the dragon broke his roof. "I've told you, you've grown too big to bang my roof."

The Night Fury grumbled grumpily, making Hiccup scowl in annoyance. "Do you want to say something you stupid lizard."

Toothless look at Hiccup, unamused . The dragon stuck out his forked tongue at his rider before tossing a 'V' shaped saddle with his tail. "Okay, okay. Man when did you learn to cuss?"

* * *

><p>Author's note: Chapter six is out. As always any form of feedback are welcome.

Noctus Fury: are you the guy/girl who ask me to give Hiccup a bodyguard? Anyway Night Fury are awesome, I love them too. The thing is there's another Night Fury in this story but it will never belong to Hiccup. Thanks for your Idea about Norvik, it gives me a lot of idea. Gobber is in chapter 2-4 so he's alive, Valka and Astrid stay tuned.

DragonSing31496: Yes this HiccupxElsa, a little HiccupxAstrid. You're right about the duel of alpha. And about Astrid, I won't spoil my story to you dude. As for title how about Dragon rider?

Guest: the answer to your question lies above.

**Criticzar: not intended. I was horrified about that, I'll fix the last chapter later. **

TheWritingFactory: thanks uhh dude. Toohless growth spurt has a back story, sadly that's for another time. And it's summer I might be able to do what you recommend. Keep awesome.

****Any Percy Jackson fan? I'm writing a story for my favorite demigod.
Check it out! Its called Fate be changed: the Destroyer. ****

End
file.